PHASES OF GUNNING.

Things the Hunters Note in the Woods.

TRICKS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Wonderful Ability of the Bird in Hiding Itself.

The Guide's Art of Detecting It in a Tree -Curiosity of the Grouse Often Its Undoing-Its Rocket-Like Flight and Strange Quality of Obedience-The Problem of Killing It-Notes of the Deer Hunters-Flight of the Ducks

When the ruffed grouse flushes from dog or man and, speeding for fifty yards, alights on spruce, hemlock, maple, birch or pine, it immediately becomes the hidden object of a picture puzzle. Every man at some hour of his life has fooled away time with one of these things, at which you stare without seeing the hidden object; then all at once you find it and thereafter cannot look at the picture without seeing it first.

The hunter has much the same experience with the grouse. He must study; it out foot by foot and finally when he sees the bird-if he ever does-he wonders how so plain an object could so long have escaped him.

When the grouse lights its manner of procedure is invariable. It may fly on a general line as straight as might be drawn with a rule, but once it is out of sight of its enemy and is prepared to stop it swings from thirty to forty feet to the left and shoots upward on a slant for twenty feet or so, coming to rest gently.

It selects a limb as thick through as a man's arm or thicker, because on a smaller limb it would be too conspicuous. It prefers a part of this limb close to the trunk of the tree, so that its hue may blend with both limb and trunk.

It will rarely sit athwart the limb, with its tail projecting upon one side and its head on the other. This posture attracts attention rapidly. Instead the grouse occupies the limb longitudinally.

It depresses its tail so that it lies along It depresses its tail so that it lies along the limb, puts its breast down on the bark, and, facing either the trunk or the end of the difference in the brains of the two and, facing either the trunk or the end of the limb, turns its head slightly to one side in the direction whence it came, watching for the approach of its foe. It looks like a knot upon the upper surface of the limb or an excrescence on the bark, and the unaccustomed eve will run over it a dozen

When a grouse has placed itself so and is satisfied with its perch it is slow to learn that it has been discovered. It will squat without motion while the man below takes aim carefully with a small rifle and shoots it through the head.

If he misses, as he will often, the tiny pellet passing within a half inch of the target will not make the grouse wink. It hears the crack of the weapon and possibly the sing of the bullet, but it still thinks that it is not seen, and it will sit so sometimes while an inexpert gunner empties a magazine at it.

forest. There is always a great deal of flutter to a grouse shot through the head. Indeed, when one is hit so, it guides the hunter to the spot where it has fallen, and a good many of them would be lost in thick brush but for the noise they make in the death struggle.

If a grouse elects to alight crossways on a large limb, as it does once in a while, its behavior is even more interesting. Then the tail is depressed until it melts into the bark of the limb's side, the wings are brought forward until they hide the telltale speckle of the breast, and the head is stretched unward and outward in a strained and rigid position. The bird thus becomes a projecting stumpy limb, or one that has been broken off, or a long stubby knot.

It is not especially difficult to see in this position, but difficult to identify. Every forest tree contains a dozen or more of these projections, and they look as much like the grouse as the grouse looks like them. The guide will find a grouse in this position within thirty seconds after taking his stand near the tree, but the ordinary sportsman will look for a halfhour without discovering the bird.

The dog proves his value when a single grouse or a covey has lit in a tree by dancing around, barking continuously, moving from side to side of the tree and leaping up. The bird will sit as rigid as an iron bar if only men are below, but if a dog be there it cannot help moving its head and looking down at its enemy. It will even grow so uneasy as to trot a foot or so along the limb.

This is because foxes, wolves and wildcats have been catching grouse for some millions of years, and the birds dread them. They have not nerve enough to remain quiescent when a predatory quadruped is dancing about below. Wolves and foxes cannot climb perpendicular trees, but the wildcat can, and the grouse never knows whether the dog is going to start up after it or not.

This trick of tree concealment is one of the most interesting things in nature It has been learned through hundreds of centuries of bitter experience, and the deaths of thousands have brought it as near as possible to perfection.

In its effort to slough distinctive colors and fit itself in hue to its surroundings the grouse has been more successful than some of the members of the gallinaceous family, and less successful than others.

It is better provided in this way than the wild turkey, whose light brown and bronze coat, black breast, beard, red wattles and blue head make it still easy to the eye. It is better off than the prairie chicken because it has not the bags on each side of its neck, which when ir flated with air in the spring make the hooting call of the

pinnated grouse. It is about on a level with the spruce grouse, or fool hen but has much more It is not so well off as the quail, which is smaller and which, while it has the speckled breast, lacks the ruff.

This ruff is the bane of the grouse. Nature, recognizing that the safety of the female more necessary to the preservation of the species, has made the hens with smooth necks, showing only a dull brown; but the males carry the ruff, and it is a distinctive mark. It serves no purpose save to be erect in combat and make them more terrible to their adversaries

As if these long feathers were not sufficient

pursued, many of the ruff feathers are of a jet black, and it is these feathers which betray the birds most often to the eye of the renemy. It has been the fashion to term the wild turkey the noblest of America's feathered game. It is in size, but not in everything else. In some things it is smarter than the ruffed grouse; in others

t is not so smart.

The grouse possesses powers of concealment which the turkey almost totally lacks. It has the nerve to remain quiescent when the alien foot presses within three yards of its hiding place, which the turk y does

or its higher place, which the turk y does not at all.

This nerve comes with it from the shell. When it is a chick not much larger than a man's thumb it will, at the mother's bidding, squat under a last year's leaf and lie still until told to get up, though the searcher's shoe come down on it and mash it flat.

If the man refusing to follow the mother in her seeming struggles to get away with a broken wing, will stoop and carefully lift all the dead leaves within a circle of three yards from where the hen first showed herself, he will find six or maybe a dozen of these little fellows, crouched close to the ground, with their eyes closed. A single note has sent them into this imitation

single note has sent them into this imitation of coma, and they will maintain it to the cnd. The man may even turn one of them oven with his finger. It will fall upon its side and lie there without the quiver of a downy wing. Except the woodcock, the young of no other bird has this supreme degree of obedience and courage.

The turkey has better ears, and probably better scent. The grouse hears well, but it is afflicted with curiosity. It hears the footsteps of a hunter walking along a forest road—he may even be talking to his dog—and it will, immediately recognizing the presence of danger, run swiftly eight or ten feet into the brush and squat, but its curiosity keeps it there to see just what the danger is, and as the man comes along it either stirs and betrays its presence or the dog scents and flushes it.

The turkey, once it starts to going, on foot or wing, goes far, having sense enough

For this work he needs first a pair of good eyes, then some knowledge of the habits of the bird, then practice, and plenty of it. It is practice that does it. The guide will find ten grouse to his employer's one. To the unused city dweller his dexterity seems little short of the miraculous, but there is no miracle about it.

The turkey, once it starts to going, on foot or wing, goes far, having sense enough to put as much ground as it can between itself and the danger. A turkey, seeing a man thirty yards away, will slip behind a log and make its way to the end, crouching low, then slip to another log or dodge behind a tree, and keep a line hiding it, and so make its way to safety with remarkable speed; but the grouse will stop behind the log.

speed; but the grouse will stop behind the log.

If the man suspects the presence of a grouse, either from a fleeting glimpse of it or by the behavior of the dog, and will stand still, keeping his eye on the log, he will see the small head of the bird rise presently above the log, trying to see him. If he has hidden in turn behind a tree or thick hush it will hop on the log and take a thick bush, it will hop on the log and take a

leisurely survey.

If he still forbears to shoot, the bird will probably go back to the place whence it started, travelling about swiftly, going a started, traveling about swittly, going a little way at a time and very cautiously, busying itself trying to find out exactly what it was that disturbed it. The turkey has more sense than that.

Neither will the turkey, trusting utterly in its ability to hide itself in a tree, sit still while member after member of the flock.

while member after member of the flock is shot from branches below it. That is one of the most fatal habits of the grouse. The turkey is too big to hide well in a tree and knows it. It will stay in a tree to be shot

birds follows a law of nature. A bird which is swift of wing and has protective coloration is always less wary, less prompt to recognize and appreciate danger than one not so well fortified.

The turkey is large and easily seen and therefore gets out of the way as fast and promptly as possible. The grouse has an almost matchless coat, and in the air is swiftest of all its family, therefore it permits a nearer approach. The teal, swiftest of all ducks, is singularly lacking in wariness; the mallard, comparatively slow, will flush at 200 yards if it sees or hears the foe. In the air all comparison between these chief representatives of the gaillinaceous family ceases. The turkey has a heavy and awkward flight. It gets off the ground with lumbering effort, and is not able to go farther than a mile. In the prairie countries of the Southwest, cowboys on stout, active nonies often run them. In the air all comparison between these boys on stout, active ponies often run them down by starting after them at full speed and keeping them going. No turkey is able to rise more than thrice in rapid suc-

Most often two or three shots are sufficient and it comes whirling down, its great wings making a roll through the limit of its flight has never been ascertained. When stung by small shot, but not injured. it has been known to go two miles before alighting and was then apparently com-petent to go ten miles further.

In the rapidity with which it gets under way it is not equalled by any other American fiver. The grouse five feet from its

leap is going at top speed.

Sometimes when a gunner is walking ong a tote road twenty feet wide one will the roadside and swing across. When over the middle of the road it is fifteen feet up and going its limit. If not shot well within a second it is safe.

In the suddenness of its start it is superior even to the quail, because it is stronger and has, proportionately, a greater wing pread. It is swifter for the same reason and its flight is more erratic, because it inhabits closely growing timber, saplings and brush, whereas the quail is a bird of the open. The grouse is so used, in fact, to its rocketing manner of flight developed in dodging trees and such things that even when flushed from a berry patch or other open space its going is widely ec-

The quail's wings are often level and it buzzes away as straight as a rule, but one pinion of the grouse is always lower than the other, its back slants to right or left and it rears on, not sweeping from side to side so sharply as the jacksnipe, yet still swinging back and forth consider-ably. Only on rare occasions does it go straight away from the shooter. Generally it has a wide curve and this curve is plicated by the irregularity of its motion. No instructions are to be given any man regarding the shooting of ruffed grouse. It is a sport with a thousand varying conditions and has no hard and fast rules. Like the "Action! Action! Action!" of Demosthenes and the "Audacity, always au-dacity!" of Napoleon, what the grouse hunter most needs is "Practice! Practice! Practice!" Even then he will have poor success unless he happens to be born that

way, for not every man can learn to shoot grouse, any more than every man can learn to play good billiards. learn to play good billiards.

As it is a rapidly rising bird, a gun of straight stock is best, that sort of stock having a tendency to throw up the muzzle. As most of the shooting is done in heavy cover, a gun of cylinder bore which makes a wide, even pattern will do better work than one that is choked or half choked.

Most groups when billed at all are block.

than one that is choked or half choked. Most grouse when killed at all are killed inside of fifteen yards.

At this season No. 6 shot are the proper size to use. Later on No. 4 will not be too large, for with the coming of cold weather the birds put on a heavier coat of feathers and their meat grows harder.

the birds put on a neavier cear of learners and their meat grows harder. Nearly all of the wing shooting of grouse is snap shooting. There is no time for deliberation or readjustment of aim. The oird flushes and is out of sight in less than two seconds. The man must keep his eyes on the bird, trusting the gun to swing

eyes on the bird, trusting the gun to swing into line, and let drive.

No matter how good a shot he is, or how expert in other fields, he will miss more of them than he kills. That is to be expected, and the pockets of the brown canvas coat should be full of shells when the sportsman hearts his course. He is likely to use fitty leaves his camp. He is likely to use fifty and have ten birds to show for it, if he is good shot. Otherwise he may have five birds, or three, or none at all. More than one man who rather fancied himself as a workman has shot all day at ruffed grouse and never got a feather. The crop in the woods of the Middle West

this year is late. Even now many of the birds have just attained their growth. Commonly they are full grown early in September. On Sept. 1 this year many of the birds were not more than half size—no bigger than quail, in fact, and full of pincethors.

athers. Occasionally one when picked up will be found to have feathers on its legs ex-tending nearly to the foot; there may even be rudiments of feathers between its toes. That means cold weather. As a prophet f temperature, the grouse beats the goose

bone hollow.

The shooting is not so good as it was at

slowly the noblest fiver that ever spurned the sluggard earth is fading before the ravages of the breechloader and the axe. Men in their prime may live to see the time when five brace in a day will be regarded as a miracle of good fortune.

SOLITARY DUCKS. Birds That Make the Long Journey From

the Far North All Alone. Out on a woods lake in early October when the sun has sunk behind the forest and the first gray of twilight is falling, the angler drifting along in his boat will see above the line of trees a single duck cutting the air and boring down toward the lake's surface. That duck is an explorer, prospecting for itself, and is trying to find not only a good bed for the night but a place where it may have breakfast on the morrow.

Ahead of all the legions of wild fowl which sweep down in the storm of wings when the first severe cold drives them out of far Canada are these solitary ones Hundreds of miles and days of travel separate them from their fellows.

Why they come so far ahead, divorcing themselves from companionship and flying about alone for weeks, no naturalist knows; but each tribe of the fowl contains these adventurous individuals which refuse to stay near the home nesting ground. If they find places to suit them they will remain about them until the others come

remain about them until the others come down and join them, and then one day they will all start south together. If they do not find food and shelter they will keep on southward until they do find a feeding and roosting ground to their fancy.

The duck which sweeps over the trees and visits the lake unheralded and unaccompanied may be of any species, save the canvasbacks. These fellows are never known to go forth alone seeking what they may find. A flock of canvasbacks on a north lake, numbering a dozen or a thousand individuals, will stay there as long as they can, then start southward all at once, keeping together until the wintering grounds are reached.

The explorer may be a mallard, or a sprigtail or a widgeon. Whatever the variety, its course of conduct will be the same if it is a stranger to the lake.

It will first sweep all around it twice or thrice; flying well up out of harm's way and noting the bays the shelter and the

It will first sweep all around it twice or thrice; flying well up out of harm's way and noting the bays, the shelter and the food. When it has made up its mind where to pitch it will draw nearer to the chosen spot and gradually lower as it circles about. Being satisfied at last that the bay or patch of wild rice contains no enemy, it will dive suddenly down, not pausing to hover, will strike the water with a slight splash, and a moment afterward will disappear in the growth, safe for the night. If the water is clear and sweet and duckpear in the growth, safe for the night.

If the water is clear and sweet and duckgrass or rice be plentiful, it will spend the mellow autumn days about its new home, sometimes making journeys of miles to other lakes, but always returning at nightfall. It will remain, pitching in the same bay to roost until thin ice drives it southward. The man in the boat may shoot at it as it circles around, but if he misses it will leave and find another lake for its sleeping place.

sleeping place.

As the days go on other single voyagers drop in and in this way little flocks of ducks are built up. It is not unusual about the middle of this month to find a little lake containing small flocks of mallards, sprigs widgeons, spoonbills and so forth, each keeping to itself, each a flock made by gradual accretion of solitary immigrants.

Then comes a day of heavy ice and snow flurries in the north and several long V-shaped lines will rush down out of the gray pall. After that the early comers gray pall. After that the early comers will lose their distinctiveness. The man who sees the single duck coming

ine man wno sees the single duck coming in over the trees when twilight begins may refrain from shooting. He can then go back day after day and watch this solitary but contented bird getting fat in its

RACE WITH A MOOSE. Mr. Judkins's Odd Experience on a Highway in Maine.

KINEO, Me., Oct. 10 .- Ernest G. Judkins, bookkeeper for the Kineo Company, had a remarkable experience with a bull moose on the carriage road to Deer Head Farm, two miles from here, early in the week. Mr. Judkins was taking a morning ride.

galloping along a level stretch, when the horse came to a sudden standstill with a jolt and a snort. Looking ahead, Mr. Judkins saw a large bull moose feeding on the tender sprouts of the bushes growing by the roadside, not sixty yards away. The moose apparently did not see the horse and

Mr. Judkins's first impulse was to ride the moose down, but he thought better of this and hooted to attract the animal's attention, and possibly frighten him from the road, so that he could proceed, but the moose fed calmly on. At the end of a few minutes the beast moved down the road in search of more food, and Mr. Judkins fol-lowed at a respectful distance, hooting until his throat was hoarse. This process was

the end of that distance the moose faced about and began feeding toward the horse and rider, casting an unconcerned look in their direction every now and then, and Mr. Judkina's steed did the backstep for a few rods. This was a little too much the horseman and, becoming impatient, he shouted to attract the attention of the moose, plunged spurs into his horse and

With the first leap of the horse the in-different attitude of the moose changed to one of concern and, turning abruptly about, he started down the road at a clumsy trot. This gave a new and more interesting phase to the situation; and urging on his horse, Mr. Judkins proceeded to have his share Mr. Judkins proceeded to have his share of the sport, only hoping that the moose would keep to the road. The moose obliged in this particular, and the horse, being a good one, entered into the spirit of the race, but try as he could the distance between him and the fleeing animal did not lessen

"I never saw anything like it," said Mr. Judkins to THE SUN correspondent. "That great, ungainly animal trotted on ahead as clumsily as a razorback and maintaine his lead with apparently no effort what-ever, while my horse legged it for all that was in him. I had heard that moose had was in nim. I had heard that moose had speed, but when I started after that bull I would have laid 10 to 1 that I would overhaul him inside of 200 yards; that I could have ridden all around him."

After a race covering fully half a mile, turned into the forest and dis appeared. From Oct. 15 on Mr. Judkins will carry a carbine when he rides.

OSWEGOS HUNGRY FOR FROGS. Now Is the Time to Catch Big Mouthed

By the middle October the big-mouthed bass have grown used to the retirement of the frogs and have given up hope of catching them. They remember them, how-

ever, and are hungry for them. So if the angler for Oswegos will bait with a plump green frog he is practically sure of a rise in any part of a lake or stream where the big ones lie. It is to be noted that at this season the

bass taken on frogs are of large size. In the early spring, when live bait is first used. the same fact may be observed. The explanation is that all the fish are equally hungry, and the big ones either beat the little ones to the bait, or else scare them off. It is to be noted also of the big-mouthed bass in October that it fights as hard, or nearly as hard, as the small mouth. This, of

course, is because of the increased ferocity and strength of the fish due to the coldness of the water.

It is true that no Oswego will ever, pound It is true that no oswego will ever, pound for pound, put up so desperate a fight as the small-mouth; but any angler who knows good fighting will not despise the big-mouth in these days. His tackle must be good, and his prey must be firmly hooked or he will lose his fish.

Furthermore, the habitual haunt of the big-mouth gives him the advantage, for

to differentiate them from the limbs and this time last year. It was not so good last big-mouth gives him the advantage, for stumps which they seek to simulate when year as the year before. Surely and not this fish, being a lake dweller, lives near old

The Metrostyle Journeay& Burnham Pianola

WHAT IS TECHNIQUE?

ECHNIQUE in piano-playing means the purely mechanical part of it-manipulating the keys in strict accordance with the printed score. Because of the extreme difficulty of playing many of the greatest compositions an adequate technique is very hard to acquire-and, having acquired, to maintain. For this reason, those who play the Piano with their fingers are obliged to practice "exercises" in order to educate and keep in training their muscles for the work.

Those who play the Piano with the Pianola are saved all this, as an accurate Technique, available to all, whether musicians or not, is furnished by the music rolls which form part of the Pianola system.

Wonderful and helpful as this is, it is not everything. Technique alone may be likened to the body of a beautiful creation in which the soul is lacking.

WHAT IS INTERPRETATION?

NTERPRETATION supplies the lacking Soul. Interpretation is intelligence-inspiration, conveyed in the illimitable temposhading, rhythmical accents, pauses and sudden crashes that distinguish the performance of an artist.

To the person who knows little or nothing of music, even the most faultless Technique is simply a wonderful tool, without the knowledge how to use it.

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roots and stumps or weed beds which have died down until only their sub-surface stems remain. It is not a dweller in rapid open water like the small-mouth, nor a fair open fighter like its more pugnacious

The moment it feels the barb it will dive

The moment it feels the barb it will dive for its root, stump or weeds and if permitted to reach it, will wrap the line about it in a twinkling.

The big-mouth attains a good weight and broad flukes, and it takes a stiff and certain wrist to keep it out of its lair. There is but one way in which to do it, and that is to give it the butt as soon as it strikes, immediately thereafter reeling in a yard or two of line if the fish shows any sign of yielding.

When enough line has been taken in to insure that it must stay in deep water it may be fought at leisure. It is the first rush, however, that must be met and checked, and the first rush that is always fatal to the angler.

checked, and the first rush that is always fatal to the angler.

Owing to its hunger for the frog the big fellow will now take it with vim. In the summer it is necessary to permit the bass to swim for a certain distance with the frog, but in late fall this is not necessary, and the hook may be reeled in as soon as the strike is made.

The fish are not yet in deep water and will not be until a little ice has formed along the lake shores. Particularly late in the evening they are feeding close inshore and are to be taken by casting in from a station from fifty to sixty feet out, permitting the frog to sink well toward the

mitting the frog to sink well toward the As the water is practically free of weeds and the weed sediment has sunk to the bottom, only transparent gut snells should be used above the hooks, blued gut being the best hue for most waters. At this season there are few lakes or streams in which the base are striking early not pay a man to go out much before 10 o'clock in the morning, which is com-

DEER HUNTING WITH A DOG. It is the Easiest Way of All, and Many Try It, Though It Is Illegal.

The man who gets most deer with lea trouble is the one who surreptitiously uses a dog. There are plenty such. Of course, they break the law in doing it, but many of them break it anyhow, either in the number of deer they kill or in the manner of it, so an additional violation does not matter.

The dogs used in trailing deer in the northern woods are seldom purely bred hounds. The hound of good blood is readily taught, has great endurance and speed and an almost faultless nose, but he has also a bugle-like voice and cannot be dis-

It is not the desire of the dog hunter to notify all the deputy wardens in the county that he is out with his assistant. Consequently, the dog most prized is a crossquently, the dog most prized is a crossbreed which has a strong dash of hound and generally a strong dash of thirty other differing strains-s mongrel, in fact, with just enough of hound in him to give him nose and not enough to make him sing. Such a dog, when he has been properly handled, is invaluable in finding and driving

The hunter does not trouble himself to do any trailing. He simply goes with the dog into that part of the woods where he has noticed plenty of sign and tells the animal to go ahead.

The dog slips through the trees like a shadow, questing here and there eagerly for fresh tracks; the man goes to a runway commanding that part of the forest an makes himself small. His business is to wait until the deer comes along, and if there is one within a square mile he is reasonably sure to see it.

The dog does not give tongue at any time and never hurries the deer. He goes at a slow trot when he has struck a trail and probably will never see the deer until the deer is dead. The deer sees the dog, however, and starts

away at a rapid pace, which soon slows to a trot as it notes that it is not eagerly oursued. It seeks the runway because that is better going and leads to another part of the woods. It comes down the runway more intent upon the dog behind than upon anything

in front; indeed, it may be going no faster

than a swift walk, stopping often to look back, and it falls an easy prey. The man who cannot hit a deer under such circum-The behavior of the dog is curious. The behavior of the dog is curious. It comes bustling along in five or ten minutes with his nose to the ground. If the man remains hidden, the dog will never see him. Accustomed to depend wholly on his nose, he will not see the deer until fairly on top of it. The dog then stops in a puzzled manner, looks all around as if to find, out how this happened, sniffs the deer curiously and lies down waiting for his master, to come up.

Some men slightly more sportsmanlik

to follow the dog, staying a few yards behind. Thus when the deer jumps they are apt to get a shot, but it will be a running shot, and a miss is usual.

Give to Hunters. LACHENE, Canada, Oct. 10 .- A little band

of hunters and their guide had reached the deserted lumber shanty which was to be their headquarters while deer hunting in Pontiac county. Supper was over, and the men were sitting around the fire smoking while the lad washed up.

softly to himself, as by means of long thorns he fastened in position a large square of birch bark he had carefully rolled into the similitude of a fair-sized megaphone. "Maybe you did not take notice of it, but I saw the track of a big moose leading right alongside this shanty," he said quietly in reply to some bantering remark from one of the younger sportsmen. "I guess he has been used to come and lick the salt off the old pork barrels you see thrown out back of where the wood pile used to be." "How do you work the thing, anyway?"

"Sounds easy enough, but isn't it something of a trick to call a moose, so that he

By way of reply the man put the bark one to his mouth, and produced a series of grunts and moans and bellowings, which might have been very good imitations of the invitations of a cow moose, but were

ring. On a sudden he gave a quick ex-

outside came a shrill roaring bellow, almost

door without making any noise and I will lift the blind," said the guide.

turned himself around toward them, snorted, tossed his huge head and stamped angrily. Then the rifles rang out, and all rushed

and determined to overcome their weak-ness. But as one of the sportsmen slipped another cartridge into place, he finally collapsed, and not without a certain kind of dignity stretched himself in death. "What did I tell you?" began the guide after the carcass had been laid away for the night in the old stable alongside the

"Jake, you're a jewel," was the answer.
"But, come now, you never expected to call up that moose to-night?"

"You can never tell about moose, you know," he said, as he rubbed the tobacco between his palms before loading his pipe.
"I remember once when me and Joe were on a hunt for a big head a New York man wanted, when I had just torn off my bit of bark and was twisting up my call, Joe sings out: 'Heavens and earth, why he's right here!'

"And sure enough, there he was coming down the old log road looking every way to see what all the row was about. We got him all right, but we had a run after him, for Joe's ball went through his lungs, and he ran more than two miles before he bled to death."

"That was a kind of accident though,

THE UNEXPECTED MOOSE.

"Well, my plan is to get the man with the gun and myself behind a big windfall on a little rise facing the swamp where you expect to find your moose, and when I have called him with the horn the other man rests his rifle on top of the windfall and lets drive. Then if he is not killed there is the big tree trunk between you and the danger

will lift the blind," said the guide.

Quietly as both operations were performed, the watchful animal took fright at the slight noise, and from the window he was seen to check his course fifteen yards away and pause to see what had alarmed him. In the bright moonlight he was a fine spectacle as he turned half round, and with the state he was and earn unlifted showed.

spreading horns and ears uplifted showed himself to the hunters. Each man held his breath as the creature

the Big Fellows Sometimes

The ever restless guide was whistling

id one of the men.

from the moces."

very unlike anything the hunters present associated with the big deer. However, under the tutelage of their guide they ex-perimented with the rude call and at least derived a good deal of fun from their at-

tempts.

Their instructor was standing near the waterproof coat hanging over the opening in the log wall from which the lumberers had removed their glazed window when they deserted the shanty the previous

spring. On a sudden ne gave a quincellamation of surprise, and made an urgent sign for silence.

His hearing had not been at fault. From

"I'll count three, and then you open the

Then the rifles rang out, and all rushed out of the shanty to see the result.

One bullet had gone through the neck, others through shoulders and chest. His fore quarters were prostrated of course, but the gallant brute still kept his hinder part erect, and appeared to be amazed at the helpless inertness of his front legs and determined to overcome their weak-

"Jake, you're a jewel," was the answer

bled to death."

"That was a kind of accident though, wasn't it?"

"Not much. We were young at the business then, or we ought to have known enough to have been a kind of expecting him. You see, very often in the fall, when a bull moose is feeling extra well, he rips off bark from trees or paws up sand banks or side hills with horns and hoofs, just

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"Another bull hears the noise and thinks it a challenge from the one that is rooting up things, and comes along in hopes of getting up a fight. Joe's moose had heard me tearing my bark off the tree, and ing a moose a long way off. I was up on a knoll beside a shaking bog, which wa hought it was another moose on the "Sometimes the best kind of call is rip-

ping up some bark or rubbing two rough sticks together to imitate the rubbing of the deer's horn against a tree "I am beginning to think the moose is about the most obliging thing a man can hunt," remarked the quiet man of the party. "The only time I ever got a shot at a moose before to-night was in a similar unexpected part of man of the party." inexpected sort of way. "Old Merrifield was my guide, and was explaining to me about his call as he finished making a horn near the Otter Lake one evening. We knew there was a big yard of moose not very far away, and

were expecting to begin our fun next day.
"Just as the old man was trimming up
his megaphone with his knife we heard moanings and noises down in the water in front of us.

"'Somebody else trying a call, and making a mighty poor hand of it. Merrifield whispered. Too bad to spoil our fun that way. What a mess he is making of it! Hang it all, no moose that runs would ever mistake that row for anything but a fool crying.

"However, we sat still for a bit, waiting for developments, and by and by heard something splashing in the water, just beyond the bushes which hid it from us. The old man was swearing about the clumsy way some folks went about their hunting, when I heard something behind us.
"When I turned round, to my surprise, "When I turned round, to my surprise, and chan looking

"When I turned round, to my surprise, there was a magnificent old chap looking around for a good place to travel down to the lake. He was not ten yards away from me, and I wheeled about and aimed right for the pit of his chest.

By some lucky chance the ball found his heart and he dropped right in his tracks. Just after I had fired another young moose came plunging up out of the water and made off along the shere. That was the

as you have seen a cow do when she is one which had called our big fellow, the method. "Inst what I said, you can never what is to be expected about moose," so the guide. "I remember once I was ca

> thick with Labrador tea plant and cra it to be.
> "I had one on the string, answering m now and again and coming slowly may. It was tiresome work, for the weath was hot and I had been calling for eighours, and so I was sitting down waiting for my meat to cross the swamp.
>
> "I couldn't smoke for fear he wo scent me, and must have been dozing properties." ably, because I was surprised when I

my moose splashing along at the very ed of the water. He stopped to give a lit grunt when he reached the shore. I was just going to answer when I he another grunt behind me. "I suppose he heard that, for I hear him tearing up that bank in hurry. I was just trying to get a life him through my blind, when dow hill came another bull and charged

"I tell you that was what you migh a fight. They poked each other and p like two old rams; and they struck a other with their clumsy big feet, an jumped around one another, sparri an opening; and in spite of their quick were they about it that for of me I couldn't get in a good shot a "At last one of them slipped onto his knees and the other was side to me, pushing away at him his might. I took my chance the biggest one, and dropped him wit through both shoulders from t military rifle I was using. "The other one was off his kn minute, impred right, on top of hi

minute, jumped right on top of and went off before I could slip cartridge. I found he had sti feet right on the ribs of the one, smashing them in, and pur out of business. If I had had a I could have got the two of them just a